

THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

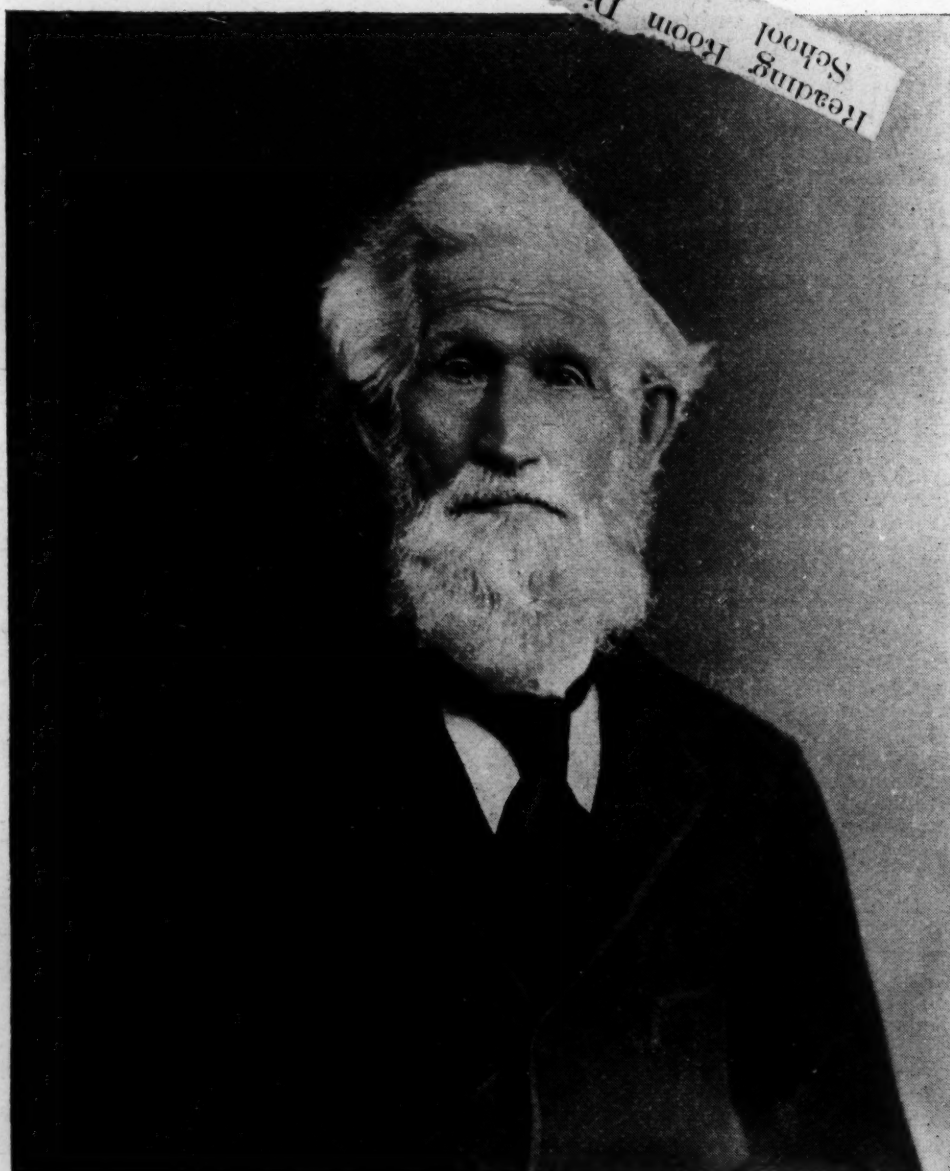
OLD SERIES. VOL. 34.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 28, 1897.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 4

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JOHN S. BROWN.

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Way & Williams, Chicago.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME IV.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1897.

NUMBER 22.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and

work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.

—From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.

Editorial.

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation.

JESUS.

Dr. Thomas and the editor of this paper are at Nashville this week in the capacity of President and Secretary of the Liberal Congress, in conference with the Board of Management of the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition. They are there to make arrangements for the next annual meeting of that body. Dr. Thomas will probably remain over Sunday and speak to a Nashville audience. The interest in this proposed meeting is growing in every direction.

The women are again moving in the state of Illinois in the interest of equality before the law. A petition to the legislature is being circulated asking for an amendment to the constitution that will strike out the word "male." God bless them and God speed them in their righteous quest. The shame is that it is left for the women to lead. Let the men inaugurate the movement that will make for justice. This cause has lost its newness. It has had to pay full price for the crudities and extravagances that gather around every reform, but at the core the demand is a righteous one, and it must be heard and ultimately it must triumph. Let no one lose heart and let no one delay any legitimate effort. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho have fully enfranchised their women. "Eastward the star of (this) empire takes its way."

Pending the fuller report of the secretary, which will be published later, our readers will be glad to know that the State Congress at Aurora last week was an interesting occasion. The program as published in our columns was carried out to the letter, with the exception of the parts assigned to Alvin Joiner of Polo, who

was detained in Michigan, and Rev. R. A. White of Chicago, whose absence was much regretted. Notwithstanding the uncertainties of the weather and the venturesome experiment of a mid-winter conference, there were representatives from Geneva, Hinsdale, Streator, Galesburg and Elgin, and Unity Church, Sinai Congregation, the Church of the Redeemer and All Souls Church of Chicago. Steps were taken toward the perfecting of a state organization. Rabbi Stolz was elected president; Rev. A. N. Alcott, secretary; Rev. W. A. Colledge, treasurer, and Revs. F. B. Vrooman and L. J. Duncan additional members of the executive committee. The Aurora Society was cordial and the company separated with courage and hope.

The disgraceful and lamentable bank failures will not have been in vain if they but hasten the time when the government of the United States will establish Postal Savings Banks in connection with its postoffice system. There will then be an opportunity for citizens to deposit their accumulations, small or great, where they will be positively safe. The citizens of the United States will believe in the solvency of their government. Competent authority estimates that there are at the present time \$700,000,000 hoarded in safety banks, and that if the United States was to accept the trust there would be entrusted to it at least one billion dollars within two years, which would bring the national debt within the control of the citizens. This is no wild socialistic scheme or dream. Great Britain established it in 1861 and now has eleven thousand offices, and one out of every seven persons in England is a depositor. The total amount due depositors December 31, 1893, was 80,597,647 pounds. Postal banks were introduced in Canada in 1868, in Austria in 1868, in France in 1881, in Belgium in 1865, in Sweden in 1883, Russia in 1886, Holland in 1887, Italy in 1875. Even Hawaii has had it since 1886, and the deposits of the New Zealand offices amount to \$2,368,089.

The outcome of recent contests for honors in the United States Senate results in a triumph as honorable to the state of Illinois as it is disgraceful to the state of New York. In Illinois, the most perfected, confident and utterly disreputable "machine" ever built by politicians in the West has been utterly broken. It offered one candidate after another, disreputable, incompetent parties, whose only credentials lay in the fact that they had served the Republican "machine" and were prepared to boss on a larger scale if they were sent to Washington, but the outraged conscience of the state, the moral indignation of the people intimidated the members of the gang itself. Governor Tanner, who before election was one of them and who owed his elevation to them, found the responsibilities of his po-

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sition and the dignities of his offices settling down upon him in such a way that like Shakespeare's Henry V, he grew in his office and refused to recognize the Falstaffian comrades of earlier days. In the dignified way in which he kept himself out of the fray the better citizens of Illinois take heart. In the election of William E. Mason, we have a senator of clean record and reputable ability. But more than that, we have utterly exposed and defeated and routed a combination which it has taken years of corrupt practices to perfect. In painful contrast with this is the ease with which the unwholesome Platt captured the New York toga.

These hard times help us to realize the growing sensitiveness of the social fabric. Our communities are becoming more and more vascular. There is a great common consciousness settling down upon us, out of which there must grow a great common conscience. The ills of life we hold more and more in common, and the joys of life we must hold more and more in common. Each one of us starve with the starvelings of to-day. We suffer pestilence with those who are smitten. It is no longer a dole from the rich to the poor, which they may give or they may withhold, but it is each one contributing his mite to the well-being of the whole. The cry for help is upon us. Let us give, not according to our whims, nor out of our selfishness, no, not even out of our loves, but out of our consciences. We are but paying our tax, we are but doing our duty. Let the common need call forth common efforts. Let us do together those things which serve all. In this way only can we enter into the power of an expanding life, feel the potency of transforming ideals, and rise into the moral dignity that measures life not by our surroundings, our decorations, our "clothes," as Carlyle would say, but by what we are, stripped of all these things, as we live in the life and needs of the lowliest elements in a growing humanity, a redeemed state, a vital church in the kingdom of God that is becoming.

Brave Dr. Rainsford! He has dared beard the social lion of New York in his den. He has spoken the simple words of sense and sobriety concerning a foolish purpose on the part of somebody to make a party that would eclipse the "famous" achievement of Mrs. Vanderbilt in 1883. Of course the immediate result will be but a laugh at his expense and a greater rush for this "social function" than before. But in the long run such a protest as that which comes from Dr. Rainsford, which is the plain common-sense of democracy and of wisdom, will change the word "famous" to "infamous" when applied to such vulgar displays. The American heart is too sore for such folly now. Apropos to this manly protest of Dr. Rainsford, we note this clipping from a Richmond, Va., paper, which says, "Wealth does not release a man from his obligation to be useful in the world and does not give him the license to spend his life in riotous living. On the contrary, the greater the wealth the greater the obligation to use it in such a way as to produce the greatest benefit." And the *People*, a paper published in New York, calling attention to a recent disgraceful banquet given by a rich manufacturer, well says, "such things indicate a social

system dying at the top." The time has gone by when this extravagance can be justified by the antiquated political economy of "putting money in circulation," "giving poor people something to do," etc., etc. That money is wasted that does not leave some ethical equivalent in the world. Let there be no more Nero fiddling while Rome is burning. Let people be ashamed to waste their money in dancing while their neighbors are starving.

It is a matter of surprise and grave anxiety that there should arise in any quarter any serious objection to the ratification of the arbitration treaty between England and America by the Senate of the United States. The treaty is not, of course, perfect. There are possible emergencies not provided for. How could it be otherwise with so splendid an innovation, so unique a step in international statesmanship? But its indorsement should be prompt and unanimous, and with enthusiasm that would rise out of the realm of noise into that of devout silence, for it heralds the day so long waited for, the dawn of peace. It is the recognition of a principle, the setting of an example which will be contagious. Of course the politician, the office-seeker and the professional soldier may look upon the innovation with distrust lest it may interfere with their vocation, but the true patriot, the lover of man, should rejoice with exceeding great joy. This court of arbitration will have within itself the elements that will probably correct amicably any defects or unfairness in the details of the treaty. "If there must be war let it begin here and now," said Captain Parker, on the Lexington green on April 18, 1775. Let the war be justified by the spiritual climax reached when the Senate of the great United States in 1897, will say: "If there must be peace let it begin here, now, between the descendants of those who drained one another's blood at Lexington." This treaty ratified by both parties will for the first time crown both parties in that fray victors. This is no time to split hairs or to appeal to petty prejudices or selfish interests. It is the time for the prophetic element to assert itself, time for the ethical element in our civilization to incorporate itself in a holy compact and for a high purpose. Let this treaty be ratified and all the disgraces, disasters and demoralizations of the past year will be atoned for, they will be forgotten in the great triumph. Let there be no delay in ratifying this which history will pronounce the greatest state document offered the world since Abraham Lincoln's emancipation proclamation.

The severe weather which has closed down upon us precipitates upon Chicago dire suffering and the signs are ominous. There are indications that the black days of the winter of 1893-4 are to be repeated. Actual cases of starvation are reported. Intense suffering among the honest and industrious poor, who are and have been for a long time out of work, is reported in many quarters. The mayor has issued a proclamation calling for relief. The good-will of the citizens of Chicago we believe to be adequate to the occasion. The humane impulses can be relied upon. But we realize our lamentable inefficiency. In times of peace we have neglected to prepare for war with the battal-

ions of hunger and disease. The charity and philanthropic organizations of Chicago are woefully inadequate. In this respect we are probably twenty-five years behind our eastern cities. And the saddest part of the story is that the foes of the new charity, the obstacles to a scientific co-ordination of the various benevolent forces of the city are found in the upper and not in the lower stratas of society. The honest stupidity of the would-be competent, the stolid conservatism represented by the ancient and honorable Relief and Aid Society, which, because it did yeoman service "after the fire," cannot see why it is not still all that is necessary. And so with its village methods it stands in the way of the crying needs of a great metropolis. The Associated Bureau of Charities is weak, but partially organized and inadequately backed. A few weeks ago Edward Everett Hale of Boston pled with our public to heed the lesson and profit by the experience of Boston. In the near future Robert Treat Payne, the great philanthropist of Boston, is coming and will speak in Dr. Gunsaulus' Church again in the interest of the newer methods. These wise men of the East augmenting the high instruction that comes from the wise men at home, such as Prof. Henderson of the Chicago University, Prof. Graham Taylor of the Union Park Theological School and others, will eventually bring Chicago, let us hope, in this as in other respects, to the front and up to date.

Town Hall, Benares. On Sunday next, December 20th, in the above hall a lecture will be delivered on "The Parliament of Religions," by Dr. Barrows of Chicago, President of the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago, America, in 1893. Lecture to commence at 6 p. m.

The above, in the shape of a red hand bill, comes to the editor of this paper with the following personal letter, which we venture to give to our readers:

Benares, India, Dec. 20, 1896.

My Dear Brother: I have just come from lecturing on the "Parliament of Religions." I told the fine audience of your prophecy and hope expressed on September 27, 1893, and they applauded. We had Hindus of all degrees of orthodoxy in the hall and Moslems and even Anglicans! I have no time to write, but loyal old-time love and happy memories of great days together prompt me to send you this hasty word. I have keen enjoyment in addressing Hindu audiences, their appreciation and fine quick intelligence are noteworthy. A fine old Pundit came to me to-night and said: "I have your two big volumes." One old man, the leading man of Benares, who has lost faith in all religions as they now exist, believes earnestly, as I heard him say, in the "religion that has toleration and true love in it." My address is Messrs. Cook & Son, Bombay. A happy new year to you! I love India, but I long to see America. Fraternally yours,

JOHN HENRY BARROWS.

Who knows but that the prophecy may yet become true and the World's Parliament of Religions at Benares become a fact in 1900 A. D. There are yet nearly four years of time, and to a Columbus.

"One day with life and heart is more than time enough to find a world."

All it needs is a little believing money and the thing

can be accomplished. If someone will give us two thousand dollars of money to spend in this venture the Benares Parliament can be realized.

Nineteenth Century Seed Sowing.

The conservative tendencies of religion and religious institutions are a matter of universal note to the student of sociology. The sacred fire must be lit in the old way. Priests must be clothed in the garb of past generation and even the grammar characterizes archaic forms of speech as the "sacred style." The church of to-day is slow to use modern methods and to increase its power and wing its way by the use of steam and electricity. Our business men have utilized the telephone and phonograph, the telegraph and the post-office far beyond our preachers and our missionaries.

It is natural, then, that the liberal churches should be the first to inaugurate the Postoffice Mission, which systematically undertakes to send messages of thought and love to distant and solitary seekers by the hand of the government postoffice. It is also perhaps natural that this industry should have been developed, if not discovered largely by woman, but it is instructive also to note that it has probably been carried to its highest efficiency and most sustained system by men. If the mantle of the little deaf woman of Cincinnati, Miss Sallie Ellis, who some fifteen years ago lifted the Postoffice Mission into conspicuousness, has fallen upon any particular shoulders, this honor will be divided between two venerable workers, young old men,—Mr. A. H. Wimbish of St. Paul, Minn., and John S. Brown of Lawrence, Kan. We have before us the report read by the former before the Unitarian Conference of Minnesota about a year ago, which shows that from the time he took up the work in April, 1890, up to the date of his report, he had distributed upward of twenty thousand tracts and eleven thousand sermons, besides many religious newspapers, many circulars, fly leaves, etc. This literature was sent to one thousand two hundred and ten persons, whose addresses are at four hundred and sixty postoffices. Upwards of twelve hundred test letters had been sent to five hundred and seventeen correspondents.

The other brother, John S. Brown of Kansas, looks out upon our readers from the title-page of this paper, strong and young in his ninety years. He is a man who carried his love of freedom to Kansas when it was bleeding, who has lived through its trials and its tribulations and is still making for its excellence and its power, as the following extract from a letter just received will indicate:

"During the past ten years I have distributed some 125,000 papers, sermons, tracts, etc., affirming and illustrating what I prefer to call a gospel of law and goodwill, such as Jesus proclaimed eighteen centuries ago in the land called Holy. I need not tell you how thoroughly I have enjoyed my work, believing I was sowing good seed in good soil, which would at no distant day yield much fruit. It has already yielded fruit. And I shall continue to sow in faith so long as my hand retains its cunning or my heart continues its pulsations. I have sent these messages of love and goodwill to all parts of our country—into every state of the Union—though Kansas has received the larger share. I compute the number of *Christian Registers* I have distributed during my ten years' service at 13,000. I have distributed above the same number of copies of *UNITY*. In the course of the two past years I have sown broadcast 2,500 copies of *THE NEW UNITY*. This paper is so broad in its sympathies, so tolerant in spirit, so earnest in the pursuit of truth, so large-hearted in its whole make-up that it cannot help winning its way to public favor."

Hail! brave workers! May these gray heads lead young hearts. Let others go and do likewise.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

A Prayer.

Oh, thou whose heaven is in our hearts,
All hallowed be thy name!
Thy kingdom come of gentleness,
Make heaven and earth the same;
Give us this day our needful strength,
Our weaknesses forgive!
As we our feeble brothers help,
So help thou us to live!
Oh, keep us from the harmful ways
Of speech, by tongue or pen,
And thine, our gratitude shall be
Forever more—
Amen.

LILLIAN W. ROUNTREE.

The Sources of Religion.

PAPER READ AT THE LIBERAL CONGRESS AT INDIANAPOLIS, NOV. 19, 1896, BY REV. PAUL FROTHINGHAM, NEW BEDFORD, MASS., SECRETARY OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATIONS.

As a delegate hither I was asked to speak upon the Foundation of Religion. As I wrote the secretary I had liked the subject better had it been worded the "Sources of Religion." For religion is not so much a building as it is a stream. It is not something constructed by human hands. It is not something firm, stable, unmovable and artificial. Or if you prefer it, manufactured, but religion is an ever-changing, ever moving, a diminishing or swelling stream. It is a natural phenomena of human existence, having its secret springs and limpid sources high up among the mountain peaks of life—ay, even to the clouds of mystery that overtop life's highest summits. It is fed, too, on its winding, ever varying course by numberless rivulets of gentle motives and aspirations, and it waters and makes fertile the broad meadows of human life through which it flows. Like the river, too, religion is shallow, turbulent and impetuous in its early course; but as it reaches the plain of knowledge its bed grows deeper, its flow is placid and assured, and, reaching out between widening banks, it suggests the largeness of the sea.

Call it by what name you please, however, the facts are all the same. As the house cannot stand without foundation, nor the river continue to flow without its sources, so religion cannot endure except as it is sustained and fed. A vital, a searching question, therefore, in this age of ours, where doubt is cast upon religious truths, relates to the sources of religion. Is religion dying? Is its power growing less? That depends upon the sources whence it draws its strength.

And the first matter for us to decide is this: *Where* are the foundations or sources of religion to be sought? That is to say, are we to seek them in such outward things as bibles, revelations, or scientific discoveries, and if not there, where are they to be found?

Now to my mind, the sources of religion must and can be nowhere else than *within* human nature itself. You remember the advice, perhaps, that was given at the court of Queen Elizabeth to the young poet who fain would write immortal verse. "Look into your own heart and write." Nothing could be more suggestive, either, of our thought than the old legend of Elijah, who was left helpless and forlorn upon the wind-swept mountain top. He feared himself deserted by his God and sought some sign to assure him that it was not so. The thunder roared, the earthquake shook, the lightning flashed:—but God was in none of these. At last a still, small voice spoke, as it were out of his very heart, and then he knew his God was with him. So have many of us stood in this age of science. Where, we have cried, is God? Where the staff of our religious faiths? Earthquakes of marvelous discoveries have shaken the ground, the flash of new truths has lighted the sky, but Deity was not in them. And at last we are coming to find the strength and assurance we need in the still, small voices that speak out of the depths of human nature itself—the voices of our own longings, and needs, and aspirations, and hopes, and instincts. These, we are coming to feel, are the real foundations of religion. As faith is what was known as revealed religion is passing away we are coming to understand the beauty and the strength of simply *natural religion*. All the religion there has ever been, we begin to see, was purely and entirely natural. Religious beliefs are

the buds and blossoms of human instinct which have unfolded in their beauty as naturally and as necessarily as the flowers of the field unfurl their petals to the light and air.

Now, it is unquestionably true—let me confess it as freely and frankly as anyone—that many of the still, small voices of the heart have been silenced by increasing knowledge, and God be thanked that it is so. The voice of fear, for instance, which inspired so large a part of primitive religion, has been stifled. So, too, has the voice of superstition, which looked for and believed in marvels.

There are others, however, which are speaking still. Let us reverently, for a moment or two, attend the ear and listen to them.

I. First, there is the voice that tells us of our dependence. Religion was originally born in large part of the feeling of dependence, and as long as this feeling continues to flood us, it is safe to say that the river bed of religion cannot become dry and empty.

The great German philosopher—Schleiermacher—defined religion as the sense of absolute dependence.

It is easy to see how large a part this feeling played in primitive religion. The savage confessed himself, of all things, dependent. He knew not what the clouds were, or the bursts of thunder, what the blight meant or the fall of rain,—he only knew that he was surrounded by forces over which he had no control whatever. Out of this realization grew his thought of God, as well as his prayers and sacrifices and form of worship. And how—tell me how—except possibly in degree and in intensity, it is different with us to-day? Indeed, writes John Fiske, "between ancient and modern man, as between the child and the adult, there can be no essential differences in the recognition of this fundamental fact of dependence in life."

This outward existence of ours, these brains with which we think, the breaths we daily draw, wherever are they? We did not get them of ourselves; but they came to us. We are eternal pensioners therefore. We draw our bounties from something outside ourselves. Whether we know, or ever can know, what that something is, belongs to another set of questions. The fundamental and undeniable *fact* is, that we are dependent—depend upon the constancy of nature's laws, upon the silent forces which make the seed sprout, the fire burn, the electricity flash.

We understand these laws far better certainly than our fathers did. But we did not make, we simply use them. They made us, and daily are making us. We are receivers at their hands, and the very life we live continues because of their constancy.

But to be dependent you must depend upon something. Not even the soul can breathe in a vacuum. This eternal feeling, therefore, quickens within us the sense of some power above and beyond us, by whose embrace we are evermore made strong.

II. Another, not less important source of religious life and thought, is the sense of *mystery*—of *mystery*.

Whatever else may or may not be true of religion, we know that it is cradled in the lap of the mysterious. We worship not what we know, but what we do not know. The things which stir us with reverence and awe are not the discovered, but the undiscovered. There is profound truth in the old saying, "Ignorance is the mother of devotion." Not that we would encourage ignorance in order to shield devotion, but because knowledge can never be complete, it is certain that a vast realm will always remain at the disposal of the worshipper.

We are fond, I know, of boasting, in these dying years of the nineteenth century, of how much we know. The borders of the unknown have been rapidly pushed back. A vast clearing has been made so that from the windows of intelligence we can look far off beyond the stars and back through measureless aeons of space. The astronomer Langley assures us that nine-tenths of the knowledge we now possess about the sun has been gained since the advent of this generation. But let all of this be true. Who yet would dare assert that the knowledge we are proud of does not bear the same sub-relationship to what remains a mystery as the tiniest grain of sand upon the seashore bears to the miles of beach in which it sleeps?

Why, even in the very zenith of our pride we are balked and brought to make confession. Even as we boast of the product of thought the question comes as to what thought itself is,—and we can give no answer. We do not know—literally do not know—whether it is a product of the brain, or a simple occupant of it. For half a million years, perhaps, the human creature has engaged in thought, and yet to-day, at the end of that time, the clearest thinker cannot explain what thought is.

The sense of *mystery*, therefore, remains and we are confronted by it at every turn. But mystery inevitably awakens in us the idea of some power behind it all, as though we stood before some presence to whom all things shine with day-light clearness. God, as the mystery of all mysteries, merges in the horizon line of human thought, and it is almost impossible not to think of him.

III. But much more significant than either of these spirit

voices—more distinct, more potent, more full of eloquence, is the eternal voice of aspiration. And here we touch upon what is at once the grandest and the most pathetic fact in life—the fact, namely, the familiar fact that man is never satisfied—in this finite world never can be satisfied. He is eternally longing, climbing, reaching out, striving for something he has not.

Philosophers and more recently scientific men have undertaken to tell us where the dividing line is between man and the creatures of the field. From a practical point of view, may we not say that it is here?

The cattle upon a thousand hills, the birds of the air that neither reap nor gather into barns, are content to live as their respective ancestors lived before them.

But the human creature builds the palace of the Vanderbilt above the cave and the cabin in which his forefathers were proud to dwell. He sweeps the heavens with his telescope that he may know, and drops his plummet into life's abysses that he may understand. In every department of his being he hungers and thirsts. He looks up to the hills because they suggest the grandeur that he feels within himself. He rejoices in the width of the ocean, for it seems a symbol of his own broad reaching hopes.

And because of this inner fact of his nature he prays—because of this he engages in worship—because of this he finds himself unconsciously asserting that there is an infinite above him, and because of this he realizes that he himself shares something of that infinite's nature, and is not wholly of the earth.

These, then, to my mind—suggested only—are the eternal sources of religion. And as you see they are all the most instinctive and necessary utterances of human nature. Nor are there any of us who are not more or less conscious of them when we cease for the moment from the hurry of our daily lives and simply listen.

There is a curious old legend of Brittany which tells how some sailors were once rowing across a bay, bearing a church bell to a newly constructed steeple on the opposite shore. But a sudden storm arose; the waves ran mountain high; the boat was quickly overturned and the bell was lost, sinking far out of sight. There it lies, deep underneath the waters, and even to this day it is said, when the winds are hushed and the kiss of calmness rests upon the sea, the fishermen in their boats may hear that sunken bell, ringing forth its note of music as though summoning to worship.

So do these sweet notes of dependence, of mystery, of aspiration, peal from within the depths of the human heart, and call to prayer and praise.

It is a fact, I believe, that the city of Paris, with its shining buildings, its famous streets and squares, its noble monuments, was originally built out of vast quarries that lie directly underneath it. Not less true is it that the glories of religious faith and the beauties of religious feeling, the steeples of its hopes, the broad avenues of its sympathies, are quarried out of the underlying instinct and impulse of the human heart and soul.

I feel no fear, therefore, for the future of religion. Its foundations are secure, its sources perennially fresh. As Dr. Rexford said so beautifully this afternoon, its clothes grow out of the human being himself, and as the home is the expression of the inner instinct of love, and society the outward expression of human sympathy, so religion is the inevitable result of human longings, and hopes, and efforts. The grander man becomes so much the nobler must his religion also grow.

"Oh, not alone because His name is Christ,

Oh, not alone, because Judea waits

This man-child for her King, the Star stands still.

The babe has mates.

Childhood shall be forever on the earth;

And no man who has hurt or lightly priced

So much as one sweet hair

On one sweet infant's head,

But shall be cursed! Henceforth all things fulfill

Protection to each sacred birth.

No spot shall dare

Refuse a shelter. Beasts shall tread

More lightly; and distress,

And poverty, and loneliness,

Yea, and all darkness, shall device,

To shield each place wherein an infant lies.

And wisdom shall come seeking it with gift,

And worship it with myrrh and frank incense;

And kings shall tremble if it lift

Its hand against a throne,

But mighty in its own

Great feebleness, and safe in God's defense,

No harm can touch it, and no death can kill,

Without its Father's will!"

H. H.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of THE NEW UNITY.

My Dear Sir:—You have been so kind as to call attention to the formation of the Educational Church Board. Possibly some may be interested in hearing somewhat of the cause and purpose of this board.

A small annual income made it wise to form some definite organization. This income is the expression of the enthusiasm of several people for the educational church ideal which led to the formation of a children's school of ethics and religion. Clubs for personal development and a young people's class in ethics, as part of a system of education in ethics and religion designed for the First Unitarian Church of Troy, N. Y. (Changes in methods, which were involved in the establishment of these new features produced friction and disagreements.) This church was not well adapted to put into successful operation the system of education outlined in the article on the function of the church, to which you have so kindly drawn attention; therefore interest and money were found wanting, and the struggle ended. This church determined to hold by the general outline of work, but the possibility of its being an honor to the educational church ideal was slight. Some of those who had joined that church, and contributed largely that this kind of a church might live, insisted on some arrangement that would enable them to continue their effort to discover ways and means of increasing the efficiency of the churches. One of the leading Presbyterian preachers of the city thought the formation of a board advisable, and consented to become a member. It was necessary to form this educational church board in order to hold fast that which had proved good, and continue the effort to perfect church methods.

The new methods used in the Troy church were for the purpose of discovering how the ethical and religious life of the human being can be fully developed. We of this generation feel that the churches have not brought out of us all that is good in us. Thorough, careful work in developing the soul-life would have raised us into higher spiritual life than that which we now possess. We are saddened by the lack of faith; so many do not care to live through the life-struggle which seems to them to have no satisfactory outcome, and lack of high ethical purpose is associated with lack of enthusiasm for living. The members of this board are anxious to continue systematic efforts to determine successful methods of church education. Dr. Felix Adler has kindly given me the privilege of studying, this year, the methods of the New York Society for Ethical Culture, and I am attempting to determine its success in raising people into the higher life. Next year, if the way opens, I shall spend in studying the churches of New York City, in order to make an analysis of their methods, and learn, if possible, the causes of their successes and failures. Studies of churches in other cities will be made by others, and the board may be able to make some slight contribution to the solution of what seems the serious question. How shall the churches develop to the full, i. e., educate the soul of the human being.

The educational church board groups together a number of people in this effort to increase the efficiency of the churches.

Perhaps, in the fullness of time, it may endeavor to persuade some church to make an effort to realize its ideals, and adopt the methods which it approves. Perhaps some man or woman of means may establish an educational church where new methods may be applied and a determination by trial had, in order to prove what methods are effective.

This board is interdenominational, and its effort is not

directed to the elimination of doctrinal differences, but to the discovery of the church methods which produce the results in life which society has a right to expect. The qualifications for membership are as follows: (1) Developed intelligence, (2) scientific mental temper, (3) personal interest in education, (4) recognized ethical and religious spirit. The present membership is five, just large enough to incorporate, but this will be gradually increased until at about twenty-five men and women whose opinions are valuable will be included.

The Educational Church Board seeks the sympathy of the hundreds of thoughtful men and women who are now and have long been engaged in exactly this effort. Its members deprecate destructive criticism, and hope to do something of constructive value.

E. M. FAIRCHILD.

Educational Church Board, 117 Lake Av., Albany, N. Y.

Man and the Glacier.

"Large surfaces of rock by the side of Lake Ogwen, and again by Lake Llanberis, show smooth and rounded and wrought into great grooves, as though some giant sculptor had been at work upon them; or they are defaced by scratches, mostly running in one direction. Similar marks are made now in Switzerland, where the Alpine snows, consolidating into glaciers, have taken hold of loose stones, large and small, on the sides and bottom of their bed, and frozen around them and dragged them forward. As more winter snows pile themselves on the mountain, and the glacier slowly yields to the weight and slides down into the valley the stones and boulders carve these grooves and scratches. This, then, is how it must have been in Wales. On the heights of Snowden fell the snows; down the pass of Llanberis descended the glacier—digging, scoring and scratching—and creeping on to dip into the sea near Carnarvon, there to break off and go floating away as an iceberg.

It is long, long ago. If any human creatures occupied any part of this country at that time, they must have lived like the Esquimo of Greenland. They did not write history; they were not advanced enough in culture to understand what the glacier was doing and to write a record of it. But the grooves and scratches are the glacier's own record. Our few centuries of written history are dwarfed by facts like this; for it may have been 20,000 years ago, or 50,000. The glaciers retreated to Greenland, but all the ages that have since elapsed have not sufficed to obliterate these scratches. In some districts, markings like these were made before man's advent: and they may, perhaps, remain after man has gone. Human history not equal in duration to a scratch upon a rock! And yet men consider it worth while to pursue their little ambitions, and think there is time enough for their petty quarrels!

Let us think of it! That round tower called Dolbadarn Castle is thought to be about 1,200 years old. It occupies a rocky point, and commands the passage of the lakes and the valleys, as though to keep a good lookout for enemies. As we gaze at it, the history of the principality floats before us—the wars between the Saxons and the Welsh, the gallant achievements of Owen Glyndwr, and the final subjugation of the country. How completely ended is that little chapter of human history! The castles built by the Welsh are gone. The castles built to dominate the Welsh are a ruin to gaze at. And the Englishman—passing through the country no longer as a soldier, but as a tourist—is gladly welcomed. The enmity is dead. The separate government of the Welsh is forgotten. The very language of the people, in spite of devices and regrets, is falling into disuse. These are great changes: but these glacier scratches have seen them begin and end!

This, however, is only one aspect of things; and we ought to look at another. As we stand gazing at that tower of Dolbadarn, we are startled in our meditation by explosions reverberating from the opposite mountain. There is a vast slate-quarry on that side, and every hour they

blast the rock. Those slates will go to pave the streets of Carnarvon, to give covering to the roofs of the houses, to furnish tombstones in the churchyards, and serve school children as tablets to write upon. The aspect of the mountain is quite changed by the agency of man; you can observe it clearly at this distance. Man makes his mark upon the rocks, and makes it to more effect than even the glacier has done. Even an individual can do something to alter the face of Nature; and troops of men working in concert can do wonders. Moreover, the work of one generation is taken up by those that follow. No natural agency could effect the changes which man is working. He is the lord of this lower creation. These natural agencies had to begin their work before he began his, because they were commissioned to prepare the ground for him; and they had to begin in the dawn of time because their operation is so slow.

If it seems to us a matter of regret that man's time on earth is short, let us follow one of those slates until we trace it into a British school, and see a child writing upon it: "God is our Father"—"Man is immortal"—Heaven is our Home."—"S." in *The Inquirer* of August 8, 1896.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—When bright and cheerful is my mind,
I think that every heart is kind.

MON.—Thou'lt ne'er be poor nor quite alone,
Whilst thou a mother call'st thine own!

TUES.—Thou' love unto thy soul was joy o'erflowing,
With thy life-duty thou didst it unite.

WED.—There is no grief on earth, however fell,
Within whose heart no spark of joy doth dwell.

THURS.—Flatter me never, speak always the truth,
'Tis harsh but healthful.

FRI.—A thousand suns with rays of joy are beaming
Beyond my dreaming!

SAT.—My merry little choir of thoughts
Can love what'er it chooses.

—Johanna Ambrosius.

My Boy.

The sons of many other mothers,
Have pink and white cheeks just as fair,
And wealth of gold and brown locks waving;
But none can with my boy compare!
Oft in the distance with his comrades
I see him coming, while afar,
Among the whole group shining radiant
As when from gray clouds gleams a star!

When merry songs in neighb'ring woodlands
Ring forth like sweet bells, pure and clear,
I hear but one mid all the voices,—
My son's alone doth reach my ear!
And when a ball in happy play-time
Flies upward to the very roof,
I know that my own boy's hand flung it,
Of his young strength a joyous proof!

When fifteen more brief years have fled,
The vision ye will see with me,
As slender as a green young fir-trunk
He stands beneath the apple-tree!
E'en now his bright, clear eyes uplifted
The radiant sunshine strive to bear:
Yes, there are sons of other mothers,
But none can with my boy compare!

—Johanna Ambrosius.

Poor, But Rich.

A poor, blind woman in Paris put twenty-seven francs into a plate at a missionary meeting. "You cannot afford so much," said one. "Yes, sir, I can," she answered. On being pressed to explain, she said: "I am blind, and I said to my fellow straw-workers, 'How much money do you spend in a year for oil in your lamps when it is too dark to work nights?' They replied, 'Twenty-seven francs.' So," said the poor woman, "I found that I save so much in the year because I am blind and do not need a lamp, and I give it to shed light to the dark heathen lands."—*Exchange.*

The Robin at Church.

"It was the night before Christmas in England," says an exchange, "and snow was falling. A little robin, cold and hungry, hopped about wearily, seeking shelter and food. Our robins fly away south before snow comes, but this was across the sea, where the robin stays all the year.

"After awhile an old man came along in the path that led up to the village church. Robin hopped behind him, and when he opened the door birdie was close by and went in without being noticed.

"The Sunday school children had been there with their teachers, trimming the church with holly and mistletoe, and singing Christmas carols. The fire was to be kept all night that the church might be warm for the Christmas service. The old man put on fresh coal and went home.

"Birdie hopped about in the firelight, picking up some crumbs he found on the floor. Some cakes had been given to the children. How welcome their little supper was to the hungry robin you can guess. Then he perched on the railings of the stair, tucked his head under his wing,—a very sleepy and happy bird. In the morning his bright eyes espied, first thing, the scarlet holly berries. There was, indeed, a royal feast in robin's eyes,—enough to last for many weeks of wintry weather.

"The hours flew on, and the happy children came and sang their Christmas carols.

"Just as the first verse was finished, a clear, rich, joyous song burst from birdie's little throat, high above, among the green branches—a true Christmas carol."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

As truth gives statue and perfection, so love gives grace and beauty to a soul.—*Mary Alling Aber.*

To raise a child is one of the highest and is the holiest privilege which God confers upon a human being.

"The darkest day in any man's earthly career, is that wherein he fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it."

A "Big Indian" strayed away from his camp and got lost. Inquiring the way back, he was asked, "Indian lost?" "No," he said, disdainfully; "Indian no lost—wigwam lost." Striking his breast, he exclaimed, "Indian here!"

Saturday Evening Talks.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.
REPORTED BY E. H. W.

*There is an instinct in the human heart
Which makes that all the fables it hath coined
Point surely to the hidden springs of truth.*

Lowell.

XIV—Heaven and Hell.

It is the conventional thought of the Christian world that Jesus came to bring "life and immortality to light." At Easter time, the one confident note of the preachers is, that without Christ we can have no hope of a future life, and that on the miracle of his resurrection depends the world's hope of immortality.

This is a totally gratuitous assumption. The eastern world is full of a belief in a future existence, and has been so for thousands of years. Ancient Egypt was overlaid with a belief in immortality. The old Egyptian kings were so full of care to preserve their bodies for the resurrection that they spent all their efforts in that direction and had no strength left to care for the things of this world. And so to-day we have the pyramids, but Egypt is gone. The Greeks in their palmiest days were so submerged in the supernatural that it distracted them and rendered them unfit to live in the midst of material surroundings. This was the trouble with India when Zoroaster came and made his protest. It was, as it is to-day, too contemplative, too much lost in abstractions. Zoroaster saw sun-clear the lack of ethical earnestness. He said: "Away with your devas. They are the devils that you should avoid. Give up your dreaming and go to work."

Again, in the south of India, about 550 B. C., came another recoil from the over-other-worldliness that enswathed the groaning millions. Brahmanism had all India by the neck with its iron system of caste. And it was the tyranny of the hereafter which made this law of caste so binding, for the crossing of lines here meant an everlasting degradation. Buddha came to say, like Zoroaster, no matter about your deities, only be good and do good. Buddhism was and is to-day a gospel to poor, caste-ridden India, and its triumph would mean the abolition of those terrible twin-tyrannies, caste and child-widowhood.

In the earliest known conception of immortality, we find one place under the earth for all the shadows, where they were believed to lead a colorless, uninteresting life. This thought probably dates back to the time when the dead were buried in caves, and out of it grew the belief that the condition of life after death would be affected by the conduct before death. Then came the thought of distinct places for the good and the bad. All these hypotheses indicate the tendency of the human mind to expect a continued existence. To-day many are satisfied with the story of the resurrection of Jesus, and base on the slender evidence of a single unauthenticated miracle their hope of a future for the world. On the other hand, there are those who feel that there is a tremendous amount of evidence for the continuity of life in the form of "intimations," to use Wordsworth's term, evidence based on the uniformity and beneficence of Nature.

The lesson precipitated an earnest discussion of the practical problems which the India of to-day presents to the world, the class agreeing with the leader that these problems are ours. The pressing question was, What can we do about it? And the most pressing answer, A world's Parliament of Religions in Benares, where Christian and Buddhist, Brahman and Mohammedan should stand side by side on the same platform, would strike a telling blow at the merciless system of caste which holds all India in bondage.

Then a teacher suggested the previous question, What shall we tell our children about immortality? and the leader said something like this: People very early began to think that there was something in man that would live after his body was dead. And so they tried to imagine a place where all the spirits should live together. After a while they began to think that those who had done well in this life ought to fare better than those who had done ill. And so they imagined two places in the hereafter, one for the good and one for the bad. But you know very well we cannot divide people into just two classes, for there is a great deal of good in bad people and some bad in good people. And then, you know, it isn't a question of place anyway; for when you have been bad, you don't have a very good time, even if you are in the front room and have everything you want to play with; and when you have been good, you can't be made very wretched, even if somebody tries to tease you. And so we know now that there is no need of any heaven or hell except such as we make for ourselves in our own minds and carry with us wherever we go. As to whether we shall live after death, it doesn't much matter unless we are good for something; and, just as far as we have been able to learn Nature's secrets, we have always found out that she takes good care of whatever is worth the trouble. And even when we would say things or people are spoiled and good for nothing, we have often seen how Nature knows how to turn to and make something of them that is worth the trouble. So let us not be afraid to float around with this good old universe of ours and lend a hand whenever we have a chance. We have had some happy surprises already, and, when we come to think of it, it would really be no more wonderful to keep us going, now we are fairly launched on the sea of existence, than it was to give us a start in the first place. It isn't reasonable to suppose that so wise a mother has carried us in her arms all this long distance only to throttle us just as we are beginning to want to go on and are learning to help ourselves a little. Let us work while the day lasts, and when night comes, let us lie down in peace and wait for morning.

The Study Table.

Books and Things.

Once more the estimate is made that the average of readers that books secure does not exceed two hundred; while most books do not obtain any sale whatever beyond possibly a dozen copies, purchased by friends of the authors. The stock after a while may find its way into the shops of dealers in rare and old books, and from there a few more are picked up as curiosities. There have been nearly or quite twenty attempts to write a History of the United States. One of these, a sumptuous volume published at twenty dollars, is occasionally found in dealers' catalogues offered for two dollars. But the publishers assure us that the chances for a book are decreasing. They look askance at manuscript, and will venture no money unless the author has already secured a reputation. Very few of the books on the most notable catalogues are owned by the publisher. He has merely loaned his imprint, and done the work of printing. The plates are owned by the authors.

The change that has gone on has been caused largely by the increase of authorship. There are now four thousand books published annually, when there were fifty years ago not four hundred. A new book was then an event. Literary people discussed new books in correspondence as novel events. It was possible to keep pace with the work of the press. It was held to be somewhat shameful not to know all that was published. Critics undertook to review and stamp the character of each issue. Gradually everything was changed. The age of criticism has passed away. Press notices are of necessity a hasty and often a blundering affair. Not even the most careful work that is now done compares with that of Jeffries, Allison, Macaulay, and Smith. Efforts are constantly made to revive the age of criticism. It is hopeless; for any review is at once deluged with work. The English Reviews have become magazines of original literature. The best attempts are made by publishers who do not undertake to go beyond their own publications. These at least have the merit of saying what good can be said of a book. But one consequence is that almost no one has any clear idea of what is published. The scholar gives up trying to find out; and confines himself, if a careful student, to specialties in his own line of work. Librarians and literary editors may get a general knowledge of the most important publications. The result on the average reader is not good. He buys more by chance. His knowledge is broadened, but it is scattered and desultory, if not superficial.

The power of a single book to mould the age is lessened, but not destroyed. For with the other changes noted has come about the possibility of "crazes" in literature. A book becomes a mania, and sells up to a hundred editions, and is the talk of the world. Of the crazes of the past ten years not one survives the fury of the hour, although a few remain as not quite to be discarded. Ben Hur, Trilby, Robert Elsmere, are not quite without readers, but are crowded out of prominence. Tolstoi and Ibsen manias have passed away, as they should. What deposit of good has come into life and literature by these books and authors? Very little of value I believe. But in making the estimate we must count in the fact that the "standards" and "classics," both English and foreign, are elbowed out of general consideration. It is not Addison and Gibbon and Macaulay only who are largely forgotten or unknown by our school boys and even college boys, but Shakespeare and Milton and the makers of English. No Homeric spirit ever existed in America; in England a few were really Homeroids; but these were or are the most unselect few. Maudsley would not be quoted once for his masterly sympathy with the father of art in words to fifty times for his pessimism. But his pessimism hangs on his contempt for modern verbiage as compared with the vitality in Homer. To live forever one must first be truly alive. It

cannot be said of one book in a thousand that it ever breathed, or had a soul. To be a real author is to be able, not to make a book, but to beget one.

That our old masters are crowded out is not our only cause of complaint. It is equally unfortunate that a new book with real power and a true soul may not get a hearing. To be sure, a few critics are honestly on the lookout to lend a hand to such merit; but the critic himself is crowded into a corner. Macaulay to-day might damn Barere or anatomize Montgomery, and fifty would read his essay. It would probably be refused by the Edinburgh and by the Nineteenth Century, and be published, if at all, in a newspaper. The magazines are justified in elbowing authors, for they themselves also are elbowed. They are compelled to cater to readers. There is not now in existence a magazine that pretends to educate the crowd, or the reading public. Blackwood and Edinburgh at one time could and did defy the people.

The differentiation in sciences has brought about a necessity for specialties in reading. The geologist makes no pretense to being posted in botany and astronomy. The biologist confines himself to a single department for the most part, and is not ashamed to say he knows very little outside of embryology; or possibly he has spent his last five years investigating the tenia. He reads a novel now and then, or possibly a volume of poems. The great world is a strange affair to him. His library is a funny affair to the world. But at the end of ten years he will know all about the tape worm, and have a degree. We cannot escape the fact that he has not escaped, that this is primarily a world of things and not primarily a world of books. Things came about first. A book is good only as it tells about things. It is an interpreter at its best. The new boy will care for a book only to help him better to study things. The town library of the twentieth century will not stand alone. It will be an adjunct to the town museum. To read aboundingly will be held to be stupid. To read in order to get help in our investigation of things is alone sensible.

It must therefore be allowed that we are moving away from Shakespeare and moving toward the cyclopædia. I put up my hand to lift the modern "Johnson" off the shelf forty times while turning once to Johnson, the critic, or Bacon, or Spenser, or even Homer. The cyclopædia is at your right hand to save your brain wearing itself out with memorizing. You buy an Appleton-Johnson for your boy; and then a Standard Dictionary; and say, now work on yourself. Here is a whole library in itself. You do not expect him to become a bookworm. You wish him to know things. But whether you wish it or not, he is pretty sure to be in key with his age, and to be lacking in his worship for mere literature as such. You cannot awake in him a zest for "masterpieces" of word painting.

The effect is a reaction on bookmaking. Authors do not indulge any longer in fine writing and rounded periods. Metaphors and tropes are rare. Each one orders himself direct for the object in hand. He writes straight out from the shoulder. He has a point to make; a fact to demonstrate, and bends himself to that end. The change in books has been like the change in oratory—there is simplicity, straightforwardness, brevity, precision. Even story telling has come under these conditions. The three volume novel came down to the two volume; and the two are now condensed into one. Rarely does an author trespass on this requirement, if he cares to secure a market for his wares. The superb biographies produced within the past two years, such as those of Seward and Garrison, have met with extremely limited sale. This to be sure is a pity, for how can a good story of a long and noble life be cut down to a mere outline? The result is a valueless affair. So the huge biography waits the demands of future research. One would willingly buy fifty volumes of John Adams or Thomas Jefferson. One hundred years from now there will be a generation as eager for Seward, Chase, Stanton, and the actors in the war of the middle of the century.

E. P. P.

Among The Magazines.

McClure's. Hamlin Garland writes on "Grant at West Point," and gives many striking anecdotes of Grant's cadet life. A series of life portraits of great Americans begin in this number with a biographical sketch of Benjamin Franklin, by Prof. W. P. Trent, illustrated by some seventeen different portraits.

The Bookman. The editor commenting on Rudyard Kipling says: "In his hotly glowing pictures we find no deep sympathy with humanity, no intelligence of obscure virtue and endurance, no ear for the clash of spiritual armies. Mr. Kipling has unbounded faith in dynamite but none in heaven. He cannot work without the electric light. * * * Our hope for his art is that he may enter the open gate of that region where men learn to think truly of conscience, humility and death." Mr. Andrew Lang's "My Literary Heresies" is an interesting confession, which, coming from his pen, will comfort many readers for their own unorthodox preferences.

Current History. This valuable quarterly gives in a condensed and available form, information concerning the principal events in the political, scientific and literary world, besides other items of interest.

The Century. Mr. E. L. Godkins, in his essay on "The Absurdity of War," gives facts which clearly demonstrate the justice of the title. These facts are in themselves the strongest plea for international arbitration. Mr. John Dutton gives an interesting description of speech and speech-reading for the deaf. There are more than 2,500 deaf children in this country who are taught to speak and understand the speech of others wholly by means of speech. The case of the blind and deaf girl, Helen Kellar, which Mr. Wright describes, is of intense interest.

The Atlantic Monthly. Mary Carolina Robbins writes on "Park Making as a National Art." The recent progress in these benefactions to humanity has been rapid. In 1869 there were but two rural parks in the United States worthy of mention. In 1886 they were increased to twenty, and now there are many times that number. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton contributes his estimate of Mr. Kipling and his latest book of verse, "Emerson Sixty Years' After," by John Jay Chapman, and the continuation of Thomas Wentworth Higginson's "Cheerful Yesterdays," make this a delightful number.

The American Journal of Theology is the last formidable adventure of the University of Chicago. It appears so far as we see, without the names of the editorial management, but it comes, of course, directly from the faculty of the University of Chicago, and it is understood that Dr. Harper gives it his fostering care. The first number is a fat issue of 288 pages of the conventional quarterly size, elegantly printed on sumptuous paper and contains a brilliant array of writers, and an array of topics which represents the enthusiastic study of the last decade rather than this, simply because the center of interest is shifting from theology to sociology. But the topics are vital, reaching from "Agnosticism" to "The Natural History of Sacred Books." Among the contributors are Dr. Bruce of Glasgow, Dr. Briggs of New York, President Harper, and many other able scholars. It has a cordial, appreciative word for Andrew D. White's book on "The Warfare Between Science and Theology," and President Schurman's "Agnosticism and Religion," which shows the open attitude of the magazine. It, like everything else that is scholarly in these days, must make for liberality, hospitality and progress. It tends much to disintegrate dogma and to magnify character as the test and aim of religion.

The American Journal of Sociology. Compared with the review just noticed above, this heretofore imposing quarterly from the University of Chicago becomes secondary in size, but the issue for January, with its "Social Genesis," from Lester F. Ward, and the sixth paper of Prof. Ross on "Social Control," sustains its reputation and makes it one of the most desirable of quarterlies for the preacher's library.

The International Journal of Ethics. This should have place along side of the "Journal of Sociology" commended above. The table of contents for January is commanding. An Episcopal minister of Oxford replies to Prof. Sidgwick's

"The Ethics of Religious Conformity," in which he discusses the delicate question of how far can a man stay in honor in the church of England while he fails in some measures to accept the creed and the form. Prof. Devas, of the Royal University of Ireland, discusses the important question of how economics are to be restored to the field of ethics, a most important topic since we are confronted on all hands by the distressing claim of many business men that "business is business" and the moralist cannot and must not interfere or presume to interpret.

The Monist. If one is in search of the hardest reading to be found in current "quarterly" crop, we suspect he will find it in the article by Charles S. Pierce of New York, in the *Monist*. But we do not know; we have not read it. The algebraic symbols of thought are beyond us. But Dr. Carus' article on the "Philosophy of Buddhism" is not. It is clear and instructive. This is a quarterly which the more thoughtful will respect and most thoughtful will value highly.

Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler."

Several years ago Mr. Gladstone's deceased friend, Mr. Alfred Denison, "collected between two and three thousand volumes upon angling." Leaving other angling books out of the question, a considerable number of new editions of Walton's "Compleat Angler" have been added in late years—one good one has been published in 1896. It is edited and introduced by Mr. Andrew Lang, and illustrated by Mr. E. J. Sullivan. The publishers are the Macmillan Company. The editor is a "compleat angler" himself. He knows all Izaak Walton knew about the subject, and much else besides, but he admits that "to write on Walton is, indeed, to hold a candle to the sun. He does not pretend to add much to the work of his predecessors, but he states old facts in a new and appetizing way. 'Izaak greatly loved the society of the clergy,' he tells us; 'he connected himself with Episcopal families, and had a natural taste for a bishop.' Those were stirring times in which he lived, but he made few enemies. 'A certain Cromwellian trooper, Richard Franck, was a better angler than Walton, and he has left us the only contemporary and contemptuous criticism of his book. Izaak was for the king,—on the other side of the controversy. And when the king 'came to his own again' Izaak produced an 'Eglog' on May 29, 1660:

"The king! The king's returned! And now
Let's banish all sad thoughts, and sing:
We have our laws, and have our king."

"If Izaak was so eccentric as to go to bed sober on that glorious twenty-ninth of May, I greatly misjudge him," says the editor. It was as a biographer, rather than as an angler, that Walton won the liking of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Lang thinks; but "Johnson was very fond of biography, and no lover of the game." Walton's "Lives" is a delightful book, for its English "undefiled," and for the biographical data, but we read the "Angler" not so much for instruction as for pure "human pleasure." "There are authors whose living voices," says Mr. Lang, "if we know them in the flesh, we seem to hear in our ears as we peruse their works." The late Eugene Field made his bibliomaniac say that Izaak Walton was one of the few authors whom he would like to have known.

"The Compleat Angler" was first published in 1653, when Walton was sixty years of age. The original price was eighteen pence. A few days ago a copy sold in England for \$2.075, according to a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. A copy is owned in Chicago, and another is owned in Cleveland. But only a few copies have survived into our day. It is what the late Henry Stevens of Vermont would have called "a nugget." A second edition of the book appeared in 1655, a third in 1661, a fourth in 1664, and a fifth in 1668. In 1676 the work, with additions by Venables and Charles Cotton, was given to the world as "The Universal Angler." Then the fashion in literature changed, while Dryden and others of his ilk had their day. No new edition of the "Angler" appeared until 1750, since which date editions of the book have been almost as numerous as editions of Shakespeare and the Bible.

The Winchester (England) Cathedral library is said to possess many of Walton's books, with his name written in them. Several books bearing his autograph have turned up in the market during recent years. The late Mr. Locker-Lampson owned one which excited the envy of Mr. Lang:

"Fair first editions, duly prized.
Above them all, methinks, I rate
The tome where Walton's hand revised
His wonderful receipts for bait!"

Mr. Elkin Mathews, the publisher in Vigo street, London, owns a hanging cabinet inscribed with Walton's name. But this new edition of the "Compleat Angler," with introduction by Mr. Lang, and illustrations by Edmund J. Sullivan, may belong to anyone for the modest price of \$2.00.

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Named by the Executive Committee of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies and approved by the Directors of the Unity Publishing Company.

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All Letters concerning the Publishers' Department should be addressed to WAY & WILLIAMS, The Monadnock, Chicago, Ill.

Editorial.--All matter for the Editorial Department should be addressed to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Chicago Post Office.

The Liberal Field.

*"The World is my Country; To do
good is my Religion."*

KALAMAZOO, MICH.--Monday evening, January 11, was the occasion of a memorable event in the history of the People's Church, it being the third annual gathering in the new church home.

The scene presented in the gymnasium room, that served as a banquet hall, was one of great beauty and brilliancy. The decorations, in which potted plants were used profusely, were in pink and white. Covers were laid for nearly 400, and as the guests again gathered around the tables in the church home Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane offered a few beautiful words of thanks for manifold blessings.

After the banquet, which was served by the ladies of the church, assisted by the Young Men's and Young Women's unions, the meeting was called to order by J. N. Stearns, president of the board of trustees, by whose motion Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane was made chairman of the evening. Following some very appropriate words of welcome came the reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting by the secretary, E. E. Brownson. Mr. Brownson also gave the report of the board of trustees, in which he spoke of the very encouraging outlook, of having no deficit to make up and also of the increased membership, forty-two having joined the past year.

The report of Treasurer D. C. Brownell showed \$3,709.91 collected and \$3,709.91 disbursements. Mrs. Crane gave as a supplementary report the amounts given by the church (not officially) for different purposes.

An excellent report of the good and far-reaching work done by the Women's society was given by the secretary, Mrs. John N. Hewett. The report of the Post-office mission was given by Miss Nellie Williams. This work is one that is doing a great good to the large number of people who are thus supplied with liberal sermons, that otherwise they would be unable to get. In one town where they have no liberal church twenty-six people are supplied.

The relief committee, by Mrs. C. P. Sayles, reported fifty-eight families as having received help from the committee thus far during the year. In all 717 garments have been distributed during the past year. Mrs. Sayles spoke appreciatively of the assistance rendered by the Needlework

Guild and by those two untiring workers, Mrs. Dickinson and Mrs. Prindle.

A salute was then offered to Mrs. Smedley, the oldest member of the church present, it being the eve of her 83d birthday. A salute was also given for the absent members, Mrs. L. H. Stone and Mrs. D. D. Streeter. The pastor called attention to the large portrait of Mr. Hubbard, which had been brought from the parlors above to the banquet room, and with one accord the company arose and stood with bowed heads while Mrs. Crane asked the forgiveness of the departed friend for anything wherein they had failed in their duty and his blessing on their success during the two years since he left them.

The reports of the Young Men's and Young Women's unions showed a very large amount of work accomplished by both of these flourishing societies.

The report from the Sunday school was particularly encouraging, showing an increase of enrollment from 97 to 191 during the past year. The account of work done in the primary department, conducted by Miss Alida McAllister and several assistants, is truly a most encouraging one.

The Sunday morning kindergarten, under the direction of Miss Eloise Slaughter, is a feature of the church. The charming library planned and started by Mrs. Stone now has 135 volumes of the standard high class literature of the day, and most of the books have been donated by the authors themselves, thus making them have a two-fold interest and value.

At the mid-week or Thursday evening meetings the minister gives a talk on subjects taken from the Old Testament, and any who are interested in knowing something of the way the liberal churches deal with these questions are cordially invited to come.

The grand work being done by the public kindergarten, under the direction of Miss Grace Sweetland, is too well known to require more than a word of mention here.

Miss Mary McLinn, secretary of the Unity Club, reported a very prosperous year's work, and that the club has received much help in consequence of its connection with the Chicago University. The club now has a membership of thirty-seven, with a large transient attendance. This report was concise and comprehensive and brought forth favorable commendation from the chairman.

In closing Mrs. Crane made a few final suggestions, and urged that the church go on as it had begun, by making this coming

year as much better than the one past as that has been better than those preceding it, and that the society may fully justify the position it occupies to-day before the world by being truly a people's church. That the subscriptions be large enough to take care of the general expenses of the church, thus affording the different societies an opportunity to devote all their energies toward extra and general benefits not only for the church but for outside philanthropy as well. One line of work proposed was to take a little more interest in those forlorn people at the county home. The last business to come before the meeting was the election of three trustees to fill the vacancy caused by the retiring trustees, J. N. Stearns, Mrs. D. D. Streeter and Mrs. H. B. Hoyt, all of whose term of office expired this year, and all of whom were unanimously elected to succeed themselves for the coming three years.

The crowning event of the evening was when the health of the minister, "The House Mother," as Mr. Kleinstuck proposed it, was pledged in sparkling water by the rising company. This is a German custom, happily inaugurated by Mr. Kleinstuck at the first banquet in the new church, and it was followed by a few feeling words from J. N. Stearns, president of the board of trustees, who closed by heartily proposing that all drink to the health of Dr. and Mrs. Crane, who together rose and acknowledged with feeling the cordial greeting of their friends.

A fitting climax to this eventful gathering was the coming forward of the Young Men's Union to again pledge themselves for a \$100 raise in the minister's salary, the same as they did last year.

The Unity Club of this living church has the following suggestive topics for study during January. The club is studying sociology at first hand, i. e., studying our own city from the sociological point of view. This work is being done in consultation with the Department of Sociology of the University of Chicago. The object is not merely to gain information, but information of a kind that will lead to more rational methods in endeavoring to improve the sociological condition of our city. The program for the January meetings includes:

- Jan. 5.--"How is the City Nourished?"
1. Sources of Supply, Mr. M. Desenberg.
2. Distribution of Supplies, Dr. Tenny.
3. Consumption of Supplies, Miss McLinn.
Jan. 19.--"How Does the City Protect Itself?"
1. Fire, Mrs. Hoyt.
2. Police, Mr. Barkenbus.
3. Health, Mr. Beadle.

Scrofula is a word you don't quite understand, but if you talk with your doctor, he will tell you that it is generally believed to be due to the same cause which gives rise to Consumption. It appears mostly in those who are fat-starved and thin, usually in early life. A course of treatment of Scott's Emulsion with the Hypophosphites wherever Scrofula manifests itself, will prevent the development of the disease. Let us send you a book. Free.

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ANN ARBOR, MICH.—The January announcement of the Unitarian Church of this place is an instructive exhibit of a working church. The exercises are colored as they should be with the recent travels of the pastor and his wife. The Sunday evening announcements are as suggestive as they are unique; a series of memorials of the eminent men and women that passed over to the majority last year, the memorial addresses being made by laymen and women of the parish. On January 10th Judge Harriman and others spoke of governors Ashley and Felch; on the 17th Prof. Scott spoke of the great English painters, Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Millais; and Mr. Edson Sunderland on Prof. Curtius, the great German historian; and Mrs. Sunderland upon Harriet Beecher Stowe. In the Unity Club Mr. Sunderland is giving stereopticon lectures on "City and Village Life in India." At the annual supper and parish meeting one hundred seats were occupied. It was the occasion of a double surprise. The pastor "caned" the various officers of the society with sticks brought from Damascus, Greece and the farther Orient, and the church retaliated by putting the twentieth anniversary of the marriage life of the pastor into a soup dish, a silver tureen. Altogether the work is hopeful and vital at this center.

CHELSEA, MASS.—The winter's work of the First Unitarian Society is in full activity. The various organizations of the church are working in separate departments for a common cause. The Chelsea Branch of the Women's Alliance is especially vigorous, having become strengthened in membership and in results by its consolidation with the Social Circle.

The Young Peoples' Religious Union hold fortnightly meetings with unabated interest and it is now supplemented by an outgrowth known as the Junior Union, under the leadership of the pastor, Rev. A. P. Reccord. The Unity Club is finely officered. The Sunday school in its upper and kindergarten departments well disciplined, and the Sunday morning service, conducted by Rev. A. P. Reccord, is a lever which lifts his people to high levels and to a more abundant life.

CHICAGO.—One of the regular meetings of the Women's League was held on Monday, January 18, at 11 o'clock. The meeting place was in the rooms of the Chicago Women's Club, the topic for the day being "Aids to Moral Progress." The president, Mrs. Higginson, introduced the first essayist, Mrs. John B. Sherwood, whose sub-topic was, "Art as an Aid to Moral Progress." She said: "Art is the first impulse which raises man above the brute—it is the first instinct of self-expression in the hearts of children. Give a child from its earliest infancy the best examples of art and architecture to look upon. If a child be taught by means of perfect human forms, how divine the human form can be, he will realize that evil thought and actions have no place amid such beauty. Great art will uplift and dignify all human life—its work is to teach the heart rather than the head, and to release us from selfish aims." Mrs. Blackwelder came next with the sub-topic "Education," in relation to the topic of the day. "Locke," she quoted, "says instruction is the least part of education," yet the ordinary acceptance of education is equivalent to instruction. Education in its true sense is life itself. The life of man is largely dependent upon the ideas and habits formed in early childhood. The new education will not permit wrong ideals if it can help it." She spoke of the necessity of manual and physical training, the studies of science and sociology in a simplified form and of the early formation of the habit of reflection. Mrs. Davis read a paper on Science as an Aid to Moral Progress. She said: "Science is

the orderly arrangement of facts and truths, and the formulation of them into laws to govern the universe. Each century adds its new link to the chain of knowledge—the nineteenth century has been the one to develop the idea that there has been a steady onward sweep from lower to nobler forms—evolution, we call it. This takes place in everything from the humblest organism to nations. Each one of us leaves his little impress not only on the life of this planet, but of the universe itself." Mrs. Holmes, who came next, spoke of religion, thus: "Religion is the binding of man to God. God being Infinite Love, the closer we are drawn to Him the more closely we are drawn to love. Our natures are dual, physical and spiritual, with a tendency toward the domination of the physical. Our efforts must be toward the cultivation of the spiritual. The body should be as a machine, subservient to the spirit." Mrs. John Vance Cheney spoke of the use of music as an aid to moral progress. "The power of music on the human organism is not reducible to words," she said. "It is a stupendous regenerative force. History tells us that individuals of all ages have recognized in music a practical power in moral and spiritual development. Music is the expression of the higher self—the expression of the lower self would be discord. Music can give expression where words no longer suffice. Let the spirit sing, and the cares of the world vanish like phantoms." Mrs. Coonley spoke of society, thus: "I shall speak of society in the way it is usually accepted—the newspaper sense. Such society is a barrier to moral progress. We do things for outside effect, rather than because the heart prompts them. Our home life is not emphasized as it should be. Poverty is regarded as a bug-bear. It is quite possible with true ideals to live happily on a little money. We should try to diffuse happiness and serenity, and in order to do this we must each of us have a little time for quiet rest each day." Mrs. McMahon, in treating of poetry, suggested that the quiet time Mrs. Coonley mentioned be utilized in reading some good poems. She spoke as follows: "The poet is he who sees the infinite in things. Ste. Beuve says: 'In every man there is born a poet—who dies young.' Our education checks the growth of poetic utterance in us. Let us hold fast to those who can give us insight into the deep things of life. Let us listen to the poets and learn that nothing is trivial which enables us to see further into the human heart. Life without poetry is not true life, for it lacks a soul. What is best must be the truest." Mrs. Woolley spoke of Nature as an Aid to Moral Progress. "Nature includes all that has gone before. All that man is, or knows, or hopes to be, has been gained from Nature. She is the only guide. Not the nature that is praised or expressed by poet or painter alone, but with this added to it which the scientist has given to us,—the eternal, living progress of mankind. Science, if we study deeply enough, is the greatest aid to faith. All the great bands of philanthro-

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pists, reformers, poets, and the rest, are as much a part of the forces of Nature as the rocks and trees. All Nature is divine—the God within us, much more than the God about us. Art is nature; as Shakespeare says,

"Nature is made better by no means,
But Nature makes that means."

Everything is Nature, plus human nature, and in Nature alone we find ourselves.

Secretary.

CHICAGO.—The foundation of a new "Social Settlement" was recently laid by the Universalists of the district south of Hyde Park. A flat has been rented at the corner of Cottage Grove avenue and 66th street, and partially furnished by donations from sympathizers with the movement. At the free dispensary the poor may obtain advice from experienced physicians, and there is a legal bureau where lawyers can be consulted without fee, by those, who, not knowing their legal rights, are being made the victims of the unprincipled.

An industrial school for the teaching of sewing and cooking has been opened, which on Saturday morning last was attended by ninety scholars, over twenty-five more being turned away from lack of accommodation. The rooms have been put at the disposal of a body of philanthropic women who have started a work room where needy women find employment in making over garments which have been donated. A lunch is served them, and for their work they are paid in groceries or clothes at the rate of fifty cents per day. The rent, heating and lighting of the flat have been assumed by the pastor of the Ryder Memorial Church and he will reside at the Settlement. The doctors, lawyers and managers give their time, yet the unselfish efforts of a few earnest souls to bring some hope and comfort into lives saddened by poverty is not enough—money is needed to buy medicines, to procure the goods the work women receive for their services and to give some immediate aid to the desperately poor. The names of those who have thus far been helped are upon the lists of families visited by the agent of the Bureau of Charities and thus imposition is avoided.

Will those who can give of their means, whether scanty or abundant, and those who, approving of this good work, would like to aid in it, please communicate with Mrs. Amelia Bancroft, 6043 Monroe av., president of the Industrial school, or else call at the Settlement where they will be most welcome.

MANISTEE, MICH.—The various activities of the church here are alive and active. A Mother's Club has recently been organized in the church for the study of "Child Nature." Miss Harrison's book, "Child Nature," is to be used as a basis of study. The club meets Tuesday afternoon in the ladies' room of the church. A class of girls meets every Friday afternoon in the church to sew for the needy, while Mrs. Byrnes reads to them Silas Marner. The Ladies' Society and Young People's Union held a joint sale and social in December, which was very successful, there being a large attendance of all classes of people in the town. The receipts of the evening were \$175.00, of which \$125.00 was clear gain. The Sunday school invited in about sixty poor children to share with them in the Christmas festivity in the church. In addition to the candy and nuts, they were presented with some needed article of clothing. The Sunday school is growing right along, having more than doubled since January, 1896. Mr. Byrnes has announced for January and February a series of eight Sunday evenings with the poets. Mr. Byrnes gives a short address on the poet and his special genius, quoting from the poet to illustrate his points. Some of the good readers in the parish are invited to read appropriate selections

from the poet and so far as possible the songs of the poet are sung by the choir. Whittier, Longfellow, Burns, Field, Lowell, Riley, Holmes, Emerson, are the poets announced.

MADISON, WIS.—A very pleasant reunion and love feast was held at the Unitarian Church last evening, the occasion being the annual meeting of the church. The meeting was very largely attended and was most harmonious and the members are highly pleased at one result—that Rev. W. D. Simonds will remain another year. He was re-elected by acclamation and made a graceful speech of acceptance. Mr. Simonds has done a great work in building up the church, and while he could command a larger field of work and a better salary than he enjoys at present, he is, nevertheless, so well pleased with Madison and his congregation that he does not yet wish to sever his connections with them.

The reports of the various officers showed a healthy growth of the church and a bright outlook for the future. Prof. E. R. Mauer made a brief address on the work of the Contemporary Club and Miss Lella Gile reported for the Young People's Guild. This department showed the greatest progress, increasing in membership and in interest in the work pursued. Last year a study of Channing and other liberal leaders was made. This year the program consists of studies of representative characters of the world, living and dead.—From the *Madison Democrat*.

PEORIA, ILL.—The usual meeting and supper of the People's Church took place last evening at the home of the pastor, Rev. R. B. Marsh, 216 Linn street, and there was a goodly attendance. A report of the treasurer was made, showing all bills paid and the society free from debt. The Ladies' Society presented Mrs. Marsh with a purse containing a goodly sum of money. A vote of thanks was extended to Mrs. Dr. Brier for work in connection with the publication of the *Unitarian*; to Mrs. Benezet and Mrs. Ball for music furnished; to the Ladies' Society for funds and other assistance; to the Brown, Page & Hillman Company for use of hall for meeting; to the newspapers for courtesies extended, and to Mr. Avery and others that have helped to make the meetings a success, after which E. L. Brown of Elmwood read a sermon from the church on the mound and sang a song written by his father, Edwin R. Brown.

The old officers were re-elected and the new year entered upon with good courage and hearty harmony.

JANESVILLE, WIS.—At a recent Sunday evening meeting at All Souls Church in this place, where there was singing and an address by the pastor on "Just Simply Religion," two hundred people were turned away for want of seats, six hundred people being packed in the auditorium.

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What is autobiography?

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Give him your best wine;
When you ask two,
The second best will do.

Another outcome of the moment was suggested by a soldier's monument, one of so many about the country:

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Sixty and one feet high.

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